THE
Iriſh Rendezvouz,
OR A
DESCRIPTION
OF
Tirconell's Army
OF
TORIES
AND
BOG-TROTTERS.

In Dogrel VERSE.

LONDON,
Prined for *Randal Taylor* near *Stationers-hall.* 1689.

THE

Iriſh Rendezvouz, &c.

OF Iriſh Tories and (*a*) Scallogues,
Arch as e'er trotted Bog in (*b*) Brogues,
And of their Mantles and their (*c*) Trouſes,
Wherein full many a hungry Louſe is,
I mean to ſing; Help me, St. *Patrick*,
Or elſe I ſwear I'll ſerve thee a Trick,
For if I wear thy (*d* Croſs and (*e*) Shamaroge,
Next (*f*) Seventeenth of *March*, I am a Rogue:
Nor will I more believe the Story
Of thy Fam'd Northern (*g*) Purgatory;
But think the Fable, by your leave, is
As falſe as that of *Guy* or *Bevis*.
Unleſs thou doſt in Metre gingling
Afford me now and then an incling,
Whereby my Muſe may make a Shift
To help her ſelf at a dead lift.

(*a*) *Scallogues.*] The common Appellation of the Vulgar ſort of Men, or Wild Iriſh-men.

(*b*) *Brogues.*] An odd ſort of Wear proper to the Iriſh inſtead of Shoes.

(*c*) *Trouſes.*] A wear of Breeches and Stockings in one piece, made cloſe to the Thigh and Leg.

(*d*) *Croſs.*] It is worn by all the Iriſh on St. *Patrick*'s day.

(*e*) *Shamaroge.*] A little three-leav'd Graſs, worn at the ſame time at the Foot of the St. *Patrick*'s Croſs.

(*f*) *Seventeenth of March.*] The Feſtival of St. *Patrick*, the Tutelar Saint of *Ireland*.

(*g*) *Purgatory.*] A place in the North of *Ireland*, call'd St. *Patrick*'s Purgatory, of which the Iriſh have many Fabulous Relations.

Then while my Story I deliver,
Good People far and near, all give ear.
In (*h*) Iſle of Saints, in Story Fam'd,
There ſtands a Town from (*i*) Hurdles nam'd,
Where reigns a Worſe than (*k*) *Phelim O Neale*,
A monſt'rous Giant call'd *Tyr-----ell*,
Of Stature tall as Poſt of Beacon,
Though that's the leaſt he has to ſpeak on;
He is of Bulk ſo large that no Age
Has brought forth ſuch a Man of Stowage.
Nature has hit his Temper right,
For more he loves to Eat than Fight;
Wiſely reſolved, t' avoid Undoing,
His Courage ſhall not be his Ruin.
Which is no more than may ſuffice
A Champion of Inferiour Size.
Yet had it greater been, his Wit
Is too profound to venture it,
But to the Peace ſtill binds his Valior,
Like Priſon-breakers, cramp'd by Jaylor.

While lately this Great Hero, as tell
Some modern Authors, walk'd in Caſtle,
The dreadfull News came thund'ring over,
Of a ſtrange Fleet ſeen off of *Dover*,
Deſign'd to play ſome *Chriſtmas* Gamble,
Which made his Lordſhip's Puddings wamble,
And peſter'd them with Hurricano
As bad as Clyſter pent in Ano.
Leaſt when the En'my came him toward,
He ſhou'd be found, in ſhort, a Coward.

(*h*) *Iſle of Saints.*] *Ireland*, ſo formerly call'd.
(*i*) *Hurdles.*] *Dublin*, call'd in Iriſh *Bla Cleagh*, the Town of Hurdles, becauſe built upon Hurdles in a Bog.
(*k*) *Phelim O Neale.*] An old Iriſh Rebel in Forty one.

Then ſtraight he ſends away tantivy
To ſummon all his Council Privy,
Which being ſoon conven'd at Table,
He thus harangu'd the liſt'ning Rabble.

"You, Sirs, on whom, next Me, the weight
"Has been incumbent of this State,
"Who know what Care and Pains it coſt
"To bring our ſelves to Rule the Roſt,
"And from the Hereticks t'enfranchiſe
"Our Mother Churches Back and Haunches;
"Can't but with me be griev'd, I know,
"To ſee her fall to *Statu Quo*.
"And that, unleſs we make Proviſion,
"Is like to be her ſad Condition:
"For, from a Place eclypped *Holland*,
"(Though I ſhou'd rather call it no Land)
"A Fleet with Braſs and Iron Cannon
"Will be upon our Borders anon;
"And ſend on Shore **Apoſtles booted**,
"By whom our Faith muſt be up-rooted;
"And in its ſtead a New one planted,
"By thoſe who have no more than's wanted;
"Though *Amſt---am* has more Religions
"Than Colours ſeen on Necks of Pigeons.

"This threat'ning Danger then to prevent,
"Leaſt we be ruin'd all in th'Event;
"And to avoid the Shame and Scandal,
"We muſt put to a helping Hand all.

He ſpoke—— And after pauſe but little,
(Only from Beard to wipe off Spittle)
Up roſe his Excellency's nigh Mate,
The ragga-muffin Clergy's Primate;
A ſubtle Prieſt, to whom old *Magus*
For tricks and cunning was but a Gooſe,
(For he with Money ſought the Sp---t,
But this pretended to't by Merit.)

Then giving each Muſtach a ſtroke,
Theſe Words the Rev'rend *Block-head* ſpoke.

" My Loords, Iee vonder fat a Pox is
" De matter vid deſe Butter-boxes!
" Dat dey at home vill not ſtay quiet,
" But come to Uſh to make dis Rvot.
" Yet ſhince dey dare be tuſh unſhivil,
" To put fright on Uſh, Vid a Devil!
" Jee'le teaſh your Vorſhips fat to do,
" Shall make dem all cry (*l*) Pull-a-loo.

" Let all the Shudges leave the Bench,
" And their ould moulty Pedlers French;
" And like undaunted Men of War, let
" Dem turne to Coats deyr Robeſh of Scarlet;
" Put Sword by Shides, and Pike on Shoulders,
" To be the Naaſhions ſtout Upholders:
" Let dem raiſhe Men, no matter how,
" Call Teague and Dermot from de Plough,
" And den inſtead of Shiteing Caſes,
" Learn how to rangſh dem in deyr plaaſhes.
" Till dey improve in buſineſs Martial,
" (Or elſe dey are not worth mine A---ſe all)
" And by de Pow'r of deyr Commiſſions,
" Break oders Heads as faſt as *Priſcians*.
" Den if the *Duſh* dare come Ve'le maul um,
" For ſawcy (*m*) Inter——What d'ee call um.

Scarce were theſe Words by Man of G---d ſaid,
But all the Board admir'd his Cod's-head;
Reſolv'd to put in Execution
Th'Advice ſome had more Stomach to ſhun.
Now noiſe of Drum and Proclamation
Call in the *Poſſe* of the Nation.

(*l*) *Pull-a-loo.*] The Iriſh Cry.
(*m*) *Inter*---] Interlopers the Gentleman would have ſaid, but that it was too hard a Word for him to pronounce.

From

From 'tendance upon Plough and Cattle,
T' equip and arm themſelves for Battle.

But had you ſeen the ſturdy Fellows,
You wou'd have Sworn th'ad rob'd the Gallows,
Or that Hell, weary of the Vermin,
Was grown too good for them to Swarm in.

One wants a Band, t'other a Hat,
This has no Shooes, no Stockings That;
One's Dublet's torn, and t'other's Breeches
Scarce hang together by three Stitches;
This has a Halter round his Waſte,
Which on his Neck were better plac'd,
While That, for Somthing to be Fine in,
A Cravat makes of all his Linnen.

Some wrap their Legs in Straw for Jack-boots,
And laugh to ſee that Others lack Boots.
Now comes a Spark and keeps an old Stir,
With ne'er a Stirrup and one Holſter,
Whoſe Comrade, wanting Sword and Piſtol,
Is glad of an old Spit for his Tool.
Another holding Tail and Main,
Kicks reſtive Jade along the Plain,
Griev'd that his Beaſt he cannot Guide well,
Becauſe he has no better Bridle.

Say now, What hardy Wight durſt tell one
Of theſe he had been prov'd a Felon?
Or ever did in *Bridewell* ill-fare,
For being too much given to pilfer?
Who e'er durſt ſo provoke them to Rage
Had felt the Fury of their Courage.
For now each Teague turn'd Errant Knight, and
Had learn'd to know his Left from Right Hand,
By Diſcipline call'd Military,
In which their Gen'ral near went a-wry.

Who having rang'd them with this Prologue,
His ragged Regiments did Collogue.

" Brethren alike in Arms and Fame,
" Supporters of our Countries Name,
" Wou'd it not Gripe you like the Cholick
" To ſee your Mother Apoſtolick,
" By bold Invaſion, ruin'd here in
" The Bowels of her old Friend (*n*) *Eryn?*
" Deſtroy'd and driven out of our Land
" By Waggs from *Switzerland* and *Courland?*

" No, we have Hounds ſhall lug their Ear-skins,
" If they come hither with their Bear-skins;
" And we can Match them, let me tell ye,
" From (*o*) *Crimſhenagh* and from (*p*) *Monely.*
" Only, to make your Spirits gladder,
" Of *Uſquebagh* take each a (*q*) Madder,
" And we ſhall lead them ſuch a Dance,
" They dare not follow with their (*r*) *Nants.*

This ſaid, it hap'ned that a Hot-ſpur,
Who only on one Heel had got Spur,
Tickled by chance gaul'd-ſide of Beaſt,
That knew not how to take a Jeſt,
But angry Kick'd about and Fa---ted,
At which the whole Battalion Started;
And frighted at the dreadfull (*s*) Puff,
Or cauſe they took the Smell in Snuff,
They to their Heels betook them all, but
He that firſt Scamper'd off was *T---lbot.*

(*n*) *Eryn.*] The Ancient Name of *Ireland.*
(*o*) *Crimſhenagh.*] A wild Place of Woods and Bogs.
(*p*) *Monely.*] Such another. Both the Tories former Rendezvouz.
(*q*) *Madder.*] A Veſſel out of which they Drink in *Ireland.*
(*r*) *Nants.*] The beſt ſort of Brandy, of which the Dutch are ſaid to Drink much.
(*s*) *Puff.*] The Iriſh cannot endure a Fart.

FINIS.